

The Dark Lord's Heir

by Fantasy Writer '92

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Summary: "Crash!" one lousy blunder from muggle kids was all it took for a young teenage witch to encounter the greatest dark wizard of all time. But when he develops an interest in her, What will the shady, sarcastic "Midnight Black" do when tempted by the dark side?

1. Chapter 1

****The Dark Lord's Heir****

(A Harry Potter Fanfiction)

By

Fantasy Writer

No one truly knows how or when it all started but one thing we know for sure is where it happened.

Somewhere in Northern England lays the small village of Little Hangleton. A modest little place but like everywhere else in the world:

Full of gossip.

Many of these tales you hear amongst whispers at the local Pub.

I'm here to tell of one such tale,

a rarity in the Wizarding World while nonexistent in the Muggle one but true none the less.

I know.

I was there, baring witness to all that took placeâ€¦

Like I said nobody knows exactly when but the closest estimation to date is about three days after the murder of the muggle caretaker, Frank Bryce.

The vast majority of the town was in a tizzy over the news, trying to solve what had happened.

While a large muggle foster family from London chose this specific location to vacation for the Summer.

Amongst the children was a skinny thirteen-year-old girl with pale skin and long straight ebony locks covering over half her face whilst her visible eye glowed green like powerful ember in the fireplace.

It was because of this trait the others called her "Witch" but what they didn't know was how bizarrely correct they were.

She really was indeed a witch who regularly attended Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry every fall.

Her name?

None of the teachers really like to speak on account of her parentage but those closet to her (which was very far and in between) dubbed her "Midnight Black."

A name that suited her just fine, nighttime itself was full of the dark unknowing.

The older kids liked to misuse and abuse her from when they were young due to her "freakishly" nature.

But Midnight never struck back, biding her time.

Then unfortunately for them on this trip, with one more single act of brutality:

Their timeâ€| ranâ€| out!_

It all began with a simple game of baseball in the graveyard.

(Crash!)_

"Now you've done it!"

"Me?!"

"It was your fault!"

"Was not!"

were the shouts that came from the kids when the ball bounced off the bat and went soaring through the air right into the attic window of the Riddle House.

"Wellâ€| SOMEBODY needs to go and retrieve it!"

"It's not going to be me!"

"Of course not _you _idiot, send in the Witch Freak. She'll handle the ghosts, if notâ€¦| no loss" said the leader as he shoved Midnight in its direction.

Grumbling, she complied while swearing vengeance against those muggles.

Once out of sight she shifted, transforming into her animagus form of a python.

Using nonverbal magic to open the door, she quickly and quietly slithered her way in only to be stopped by the scent of another snake who'd already discovered her presence.

"What are you doing here?" it hissed warningly from somewhere out of the dark.

"_S -ssorry to bother you but one of Manss cubss losst one of their playthingss and it ended up here. I've been ssent to bring it backâ€¦|The sssooner you help me find it, the fasster I'll be out of here?"_ She purposed to it.

If this snake was anything like the others she'd met, The sooner she was out of its territory the better.

Silence and then movement was heard as the other snake slithered into view...

2. Chapter 2

*Many thanks to all those who've followed, favorited and reviewed.*

**To Esrelda Snape:

>** Here is the "more" you requested, I hope you like it.**

She was huge! Nearly twice the size and length of Midnight's python form.

Coming closer, the bigger snake flicked its tongue. Taking in the incomers scent then hissed, _"You're not really one of uss, are you?_"

_"You're like Masster'ss rat that can sshift to man!" _sounding disgusted. _Yess, I'm one of them." _Midnight hissed back. "_But be at easse, I mean no harm._

_"Jusst need to return with the man cubss' belongings." _The snake seemingly tilted its head with curiosity.

_"Is he your Masster?" _Now it was Midnight's turn to be disgusted, "_No, he'ss ssomebody_ _I musst tolerate until I go home-_"

At that precise moment unfortunately they were interrupted by a high pitched shrill. "Wormtail! Get my bottle now!" followed by a stuttering "C-coming my Lord"

Intrigued by this happening, Midnight slithering in the voices' direction. Good thing she did too!

Or she would have missed a short stout man with a bald head and grey hair around the edges.

Trip over the rug in front of the fireplace, sending the glass bottle he'd been carrying into the air. Luckily Midnight caught it before it spilled

and shattered over the carpet. Changing from snake to human. And seeing the small blanketed form in the armchair.

She acted on instinct, immediately picking it up and shoving the bottle in its mouth. _"My apologizess, little one. But your "Wormtail" iss it?_"

Iss being sstupid at the moment." Forgetting to switch back to English.

Suddenly a small feeble arm reached out and enclosed its hand around her wrist pulling the bottle away from it.

Then a high pitched whisper was heard answering her in parseltongue:

_ "He'ss always sstupid, My dear young witch. But the question issâ€| Who are you hmm?"_

Surprised that the voice was coming from the bundle, she uncovered it to find a grossly grow tusk rudimentary body and its face wasn't all that good looking either.

But rather than the typical reaction: Anything from screaming, shuttering to cringing.

Midnight however, remained calm, cool and collected as she silently gazed at the creature she held._ "You're not afraid?"_ it asked.

She smirked, "_Are you?"_ allowing her face to automatically change to a hybrid mix of snake and human. Flicking her forked tongue in and out of her mouth.

It took a second or two before a high cold pitched laughter rang out. Catching its breath "_Ah! Yess that wass very good, very good indeed._

You have impresssed Lord Voldemort" Midnight had an expression of annoyance across her newly returned human face.

Not from the dark lord himself but her inhuman hearing had picked up the voices of the boys screeching her name and demanding the ball.

Huffing she looked back down at him and said "_I musst go, I leave you my lord in the handss of your "capable" sservant "._

Placing him back down in his chair, turning to retreat out of the room. "Must you go?" he asked in English.

"I'm n-not g-going anywhere my-my lord" said Wormtail. "I wasn't talking to you, fool!"

"Reluctantly my lord, I must rejoin the muggles until I can be reunited with our own kind on the Hogwarts Express" she answered, taking her leave.

As soon as she left, the snake from before entered the room.

Slithering over to her master's chair, resting her head on the armrest he whispered__

"Naginiâ€| Fetch!"

3. Chapter 3

****A Big Thank You to all, who have Followed, Favorited and Reviewed.****

_ ****To Esrelda Snape: **_**You will indeed find out what Nagini has been sent to fetch.****

_ ****To Guest:**** _** I hope you'll find this chapter just as riveting.**

****_To Butch: _ Thank you so much, I really do try to write interesting stories.****

Midnight exited the "deserted" home with an irritated huff.

Now, most people who would have just met the legendary Dark Lord would've probably not left that encounter _alive_ or at least _be mentally or visually shaken by it.

_But not herâ€|

>

>Reluctantly the girl began to make her way back to the obnoxious boys she was forced to call "family."
They apparently hadn't stopped hollering for her to "hurry up!"

Just as she'd barely taken a step off the porch, Midnight felt something rub up against the back of her right ankle.

She spun around to find the large female serpent she'd met inside there with the "coveted" baseball in her mouth. "_Thankss,"_ she hissed upon gently removing the object from the snake's wide open jaw.

"My masster wantss you to come back to him, right now"

But before the girl could reply, her inhuman senses went crazy as she picked up something else: _Danger!_

"I've got to go now!" she hissed furiously, charging full on in its direction leading her back to the graveyard. Only to be met with probably the most infuriatingly horrific scene she'd seen in years.

Those_ boys _had found the _one_ creature Midnight truly cared for, her longtime friend and pet snake "Montey".

And were currently in the process of beating and torturing the poor reptile as they "waited."

Hearing him hiss out in pain, something inside her just _snapped!_

Enchanting the ball in her pocket, Midnight took it out and hurled it into the nearest tombstone. Causing the stones around to fold and crumble on top of each other like dominos.

The rumbling ruckus caused the boys to look up from their target before being pelted by the flying bits of rock debris but that wasn't what got to them though.

It was the sight of devilishly hatred gaze in the "witch" they'd picked on since infancy finally living up to her name as they felt their own bodies began to twitch and shrink.

Before finding themselves no longer in the graveyard but in an alleyway with a whole bunch of giant cats in front of them, licking their chops.

One of the boys attempted to let out a shriek only to result in a high pitched squeak as he stared into the dilated pupils seeing his reflection. He like the others wereâ€¦!_mice!

>

>Once the vermin had vanished to their fate, Midnight collapsed on the ground in exhaustion. Her last little bit of magic extracting from her fingertips.<p>

Suddenly she heard slight movement followed by the feeling of added weight as her 4ft. long Indian rock python coiled itself around her body protectively laying his head on her chest.

"Nesstling, you sshouldn't've done that."

"I couldn't let them-"

"I'm ssuppose to protect you, not the other way around. Now no more talk, you're hurt"

The serpent flicked its tongue at her nose and ears as blood slowly leaked out. The girl instantly shivered trying to stay awake.

Sensing what was happening, Montey raised his head and shifted back to his true self.

See... Montey was not a wizard, he was actually a type of mythological creature native to the Jungles of India called a "Naga".

From the top of his head to his waist line was that of a strikingly handsome short dark haired boy of fifteen. With biceps and six pack that even Tarzan would envy. But from the waist down instead of legs, he possessed the long powerfully muscular tail of his python.

He carefully lifted Midnight up in his arms with ease._ "We need to get you to a healer and fast"_

"Excuse me?"

hissed a female snake from behind, this time accompanied by the Dark Lord's bumbling servant.

_"I believe I know someone who can help"|?" _

End
file.